David,

1/27/75

I went through your 1/13 before reading 18 other letters, not all of today's mail. I went to bed after 11 last night, was working well before 5 this a.m., it is now after 10, and I've not yet had time to even glance at the papers. It has been a real struggle since I began preparations for the Ray hearing in September to get back to writing. In 2 1/2 months I'll be 62 and I've been living like this for 11 years, mostly with less sleep and more activity. Can you get a glimmer of how it feels to write letters to those who want to help, don't know how or even ask, and generally wind up doing something hurtful, or at best not very hurtful?

To people like you fact is irrelevant. You go for all the wildest yarns that no intelligent kid should consider twice. You are impervious to what even can be real in the world toady (plural intended). And if I answer truthfully the best I can hope for is that the time is not a total waste. Generally the truth makes an enemy.

The kind of writing I have seen from you can't be helpful. The ways in which it can be hurtful is by spooks and pols flashing it in places like the Congress, where it is guaranteed to turn anyone and everyone off. There is an enormous amount of this. Frequently it isn't even necessary because the well-intended nuts go in person and turn these people off for sure.

I have my own reasons for wanting to know who spoke to you about the irrelevant low-flying aircraft. Do it or not as you see fit. There is much going on of which you have no knowledge and are not in a position to judge. Candor also impels me to note that you have displayed no capacity for analysis or critical judgements. And I don't consider everyone I know a friend, of friendly intent, or even dependable. In fact, I know too many whose judgement is invariably wrong and I have to spend(waste) more time cleaning up the messes they have made and a few still do.

One reason the major media won't touch the subject except for an ax job is the kind of thing you write, the kinds the crazy commercializers in Cambridge say - the firghtful stuff that simply can't be credited that sewers accross their desks. Some they check with me. But we are all tarred by it. Oe that Tom Snyder show? Wow!

If you are not a resident genius then you owe your readers what is true and reasonably certain to be true, not all the crap I've seen. People need fact for representative society to work, not worthless theorizing.

That the publisher took out how to get the book merely means that there was nothing in the writing to overcome the deficiency and that, regardless of your intent, there was neither good not "help" to me in it. Do I have to tell you that what counts is not what you think is in your mind, your intent as you see your intent?

You have met those who are legitimately sick, paranoid and the other things you said because they are so numerous, so loud and visible, and you can't consider that for all practical purposes you are one, thus my frustration. Undoing all of this is impossible, overcoming it next to impossible, and it tends to make serious work pointless.

You are right about my need for an editor. Everyone needs one, I for more than one reason more than most. I've been making efforts for 10 years. The only yimes it was at all close there was a self-important, under-informed nut who knew better than anyone else or wanted to give the work an invalid political doctrine. Of many efforts, few were close. The last thing I want is to publish a rough draft written under the worst of circumstances, too many interruptions and distractions and sometimes over too long a period of time. I also do not want to mail letters I can't take time to read. But multiply the kind of time wasted with you and you can begin to see the problem. What are my choices? Long ago I decided it has to be making the record, but bullshitting silly think pieces or taking more time than required for another book in editing that would still need editing.

You yearn, but you are out of your depth.

Sorry,